The Ladder

June 50¢

purpose of the Daughters of BILITIS

A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:

1. Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications--this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.

2. Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.

3. Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.

4. Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

the Ladder

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The Yanks Are Coming

A Story by Jay Wallace

The young man sat stiffly upright, in an uncomfortable position on a straight-backed chair. He was a fair, pink-cheeked young man with baby-blue eyes and a sweet, angelic expression. In his pale, delicate hands he held wide-brimmed khaki soldier hat, twisting the braided cord between nervous fingers. The collar of his army uniform was tight against his white throat; and his legs were encased in what appeared to be yards of khaki bandage. He was sitting stiffly, listening, sitting in a huge old-fashioned room, listening to the mellow notes of an upright piano, played by a dark-eyed young woman. Occasionally, he stole timid glances at her, but she seemed to be completely absorbed in watching her slender fingers move across the yellowed, ivory keys. In his mind, he fitted the words of the song to the music she was playing: "Over there...Over there...Send the word over there... That the Yanks are coming...The Yanks are coming...The drums drum-drumming everywhere..." For this was the year 1918, the first World War was dragging to a weary end; but the pink-cheeked young man had been called to serve his country. He didn't look like a soldier; he looked like a nice young man, in a soldier suit; a sweet young man with a cherubic expression, who couldn't possibly know anything about war; a fine young man who was going to pose for recruiting posters.

As he sat listening, he glanced around the huge parlow, seeing the ancient rocker that had belonged to Granny, between the high, lace curtained windows. Granny's knitted shawl had been placed across the back, as though she had just stepped out for a moment, but would return soon. Near the old, lonely rocker stood a small, square, knobby-legged table, on which had been placed a lace doilie, and a maroon, velvet-covered photograph album. Next to this stood a faded picture of Granny, with a black ribbon draped significantly across one corner of the wide gold picture frame. Near her portrait stood a black vase filled with artificial paper roses. The young man turned his gaze to the dark red portiers to his right; and he sighed. The heavy curtains swayed uneasily, as though an unseen presence had passed by.

He turned his glance again to the young woman at the piano. He felt the emptiness of her presence against him, echoing, like the far-off sound of a pink seashell; and he wished that she would return to the room, in spirit, and be with him again. She seemed distant, lost to him, as she sat there, absorbed in the music, staring down at her fingers moving across the yellowed keys; far away, in her own world.

When the old-fashioned doorbell sounded, the young woman's hands fell from the keys as though a wire had been pulled somewhere inside of her. She arose then, and hurried to the black sliding door; the she turned, flustered. "Please excuse me, Mr. Harwood. I believe that may be my girlfriend, Louise."

The young man arose hastily, holding his khaki soldier hat out before him. "Why certainly, Miss Daniels," he replied.

******

"You've got a new traveling bag..."

"Not really new, Geraldine. It belongs to my brother. I brought it because it was the only one I could find that held all the things I seem to bring here with me every time I come."

"Including your lovely gifts, Louise."

She glanced back at her, and smiled, turning toward the mirror, to remove her white straw hat, "I'll freshen up a bit, then I'll come in and meet your young man."

"Mr. Harwood is not my 'young man', as you refer to him, Louise. He is just a friend, a neighborhood boy, and he's going away to war. This is to be his last visit... for awhile."

The tall, blonde young woman smoothed her hair before the mirror; in its depths she caught the gaze of the other. She smiled. "He will return, Geraldine."

"I hope so, Louise. He's a fine boy; but for myself, I'm really not interested in him...that way."

"But he'll come back soon, Geraldine, and when he does perhaps then..."

She turned toward her visitor suddenly, from the closet, where she was putting things away. "Oh, Louise! Stop it, please! You sound like Mama! "

******

He sat waiting, gazing around the parlor. He could feel the hard, straight-backed chair against his spine becoming more uncomfortable. He watched the stiff lace curtains blowing idly in the warm summer breeze, and he thought of the young woman. His thoughts were the visions of youth, dreamy and magnificent. He glanced at the piano where her fingers had been, and something vague and unrealistic in him envied the ivory keys. He shook off his thoughts when he heard the voices of the young women in the hallway; and he stood up to greet them.

******

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Daniels, and you too, Mr. Daniels, and... Miss Daniels. And it was indeed a pleasure to meet you, Miss...Miss..." "Anderson."

"Oh yes, I'm sorry; Miss Anderson." He stood there, on the doorstep, fiddling with his wide-brimmed hat, trying to gather up enough courage to say something fine along with his goodbye; trying to impart his feelings, on having to separate from her, but not finding words; wishing he could reach out to her, but not knowoing how. He took another step away from her, backing out the door. He gazed at her wistfully, but she seemed to be occupied in straightening the ruffles on her girl-friend's blouse. She wasn't looking at him. He backed away another step or two, and repeated: "Goodnight Miss Daniels..." She gave him a brief glance when she answered, and he was content. He strode out into the night; the stars were white, and close, and so beautiful that they fitted themselves into his mood. He slapped his army hat on his blonde head at a jaunty angle, and walked briskly along. He was whistling. "Over There...Over There...Send the word, send the word,

Over there...That the Yanks are coming...The Yanks are coming..."

*****

"This is a new nightgown, Louise." "No, it isn't new, Geraldine." "I never saw it before." "Mother gave it to me for Christmas, but I haven't worn it before. I was saving it for my visit with you. Darling, want me to brush your hair?" "Would you, Louise?" "You know I would. You don't have to ask." "All right, Lou; come over here and sit down on the bed beside me." "There, like this?" "Yes, but wait. Let me put my head down on your lap, like last time." "Comfy?" "Uh huh."

"Sleepy?" "No, not really. Lou..." "What it it, darling?" "I'm not going to marry Mr. Harwood...or anyone." "Why do you say that, Gerry?" "Because if I married Mr. Harwood, or somebody, you couldn't come visit me every summer, like you do." "Of course I could, honey. Mr. Harwood wouldn't object, would he?" "But I would. I mean I'd object to Mr. Harwood." Louise laughed softly and replied: "You're a sweet, crazy, wonderful dear." "Come closer..." "Wait. Let me turn off the light, you're sleepy." "No, I'm not sleepy. I want to talk, Lou. You went home and forgot about me, and everything...everything that happened...last time..." "Gerry, don't you say that!" "During the ten months we were apart, you forgot about me. You forgot everything. You forgot what we said to each other, and what we did..." "No, Geraldine. I couldn't forget. Didn't I write to you regularly?" "But your letters were so...so cold, darling." "Cold? I'm sorry. I didn't mean them to be. Sometimes Mother leans over my shoulder when I write to you." "Does she? Mama reads my letters, too." "Has your Mama said anything ...about me?" "Only that you are a very dear friend." "Well, I suppose that I am." "Lou, Lou, darling. I've waited ten whole months, ten months of pacifying Mama and playing the piano for Mr. Harwood. I've waited for this night for ten whole months..." "Gerry, do you wish I were a man?" "Why, Lou?" "Then, I could marry you." "It wouldn't be the same. No, darling; I want everything exactly as it is. And I want you exactly as you are. If you were a man, you wouldn't be...You. Not

my Louise, but somebody different. Nothing would be the same; it couldn't be. And I like everything the way it is. No more talk now, darling..." "May I not whisper to you?" "Whisper, darling...but don't talk..."

*****

He marched briskly along, holding the new gun rigidly on his arm. He heard the cheers, and saw the people leaning out of sindows, waving. He tried to glance from left to right, without moving his head, hoping that he would catch a brief glimpse of her in the crowd, but he saw nothing but strange faces around him. The military band played lustily a few yards ahead. When it burst into "Over There," the crowd went mad, laughing, waving banners, and singing the words to the song loudly, as a tribute to the marching men. But through it all, the mothers kept on weeping, and the old men stood by, grim-faced, staring at the lines of khaki-clad men, without seeing them.

*****

"Don't kiss me like that now, Lou; Mama might come in. Where were you all afternoon? And what are you so excited about, anyway? You left me alone for three whole hours today."

"I'm sorry, Gerry, but I had some business to attend to." "Business? What sort of business?"

"Well, I went to see an old friend of Papa's, here in the city. He's giving me a chance to work for him on his newspaper when he returns to New York in the fall. I didn't tell you beforehand, in order to surprise you. Gerry darling, I'm going to work on a newspaper! In New York City!"

"Work? You mean a job...? like a man?"

"Yes, Darling."

"Doing what, Lou?"

"Well, I'm going to do simple office work at first, but

if I make out well, he said he will let me write articles for the newspaper!"

"That really is wonderful fo you, Lou! I'm so happy for you, darling. And just think, you'll be in New York City then...so much closer to me than you were before, way out in Kansas."

"Geraldine, I was hoping that you would consent to go with me."

"Me? Go to New York City? What would Mama say?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"But I cannot, Lou. Don't you see, honey? Mama would be furious!"

"Very well, Geraldine. I'll go alone."

*****

"Now, Girls, sit here next to each other, and I'll explain what we are going to work on today. Louise, you continue knitting the khaki-colored sweater for the soldier, but Geraldine, I want you to begin sewing things for your hope-chest. I've bought some nice muslin, and..."

"Hope-chest, Mama?"

"Why, yes, darling. You should get started now. When that nice Mr. Harwood comes back from overseas, we want to be ready, don't we...?"

"Ready, Mama?"

"Yes, Geraldine. Mr. Harwood is such a fine young man, and he comes from such a good family. Papa and I have decided that you should encourage him, and perhaps marry in another year or two."

*****

When he walked along the bright city streets again, he

was wearing yellow button shoes, and a new round, hard, straw hat, a skimmer, with a black and red striped band. He had gained some weight and had a new, masculine confidence about him. The girls he passed sighed longingly; and some even dared to glance around and stare after him. He walked jauntily, briskly. He was carrying a large bouquet of red roses in one hand and under his other arm he held a five-pound box of candy, tied up prettily, with a huge satin bow. His suit was new, and in the latest style, with tight, high cuffs on the trousers, showing his button shoes to advantage. His collar was tight, high, and gleaming with starch. And he was wearing a pink carnation in his button-hole. When he rang the old-fashioned doorbell, he was trembling with excitement.

*****

"Have more tea, Mr. Harwood."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Daniels. Thank you, Ma'am, but I've had enough."

"Another cookie, then?"

"No, thank you, really, Ma'am."

"I baked them myself just this morning..."

"Thank you just the same, Mrs. Daniels, but I've had quite enough. I enjoyed them very much. They were delicious, and the tea was excellent."

"Well now, I'm glad that you enjoyed them, Mr. Harwood."

"And our little girl sends home money every single week..."

"Papa, you said that."

"I'm glad, Mr. Daniels."

"Yessir, our little girl doesn't forget the old folks; far away, working on a big newspaper in New York City, but our little girl sends home money to her old folks every single week! Yessir!"

"It means a lot to Papa to hear from Geraldine regularly, Mr. Harwood."

"Yes, I understand, Mrs. Daniels."

"Never misses a week, Harwood, no sir! Every single week we get a letter and money from Geraldine; don't we, Mama?"

"Yes, Papa, every week. She's working for an executive, you know, Mr. Harwood. She's secretary to this big newspaper man in New York City."

"Oh my, that sounds wonderful, Mrs. Daniels!"

"Yes, Mr. Harwood, Geraldine has a fine position now. She started in the office, then went to some school there in the city; now she makes twenty-five dollars a week!"

"Twenty-five dollars a week!"

"Yes, Mr. Harwood, our little Geraldine is a career girl now. She shares an apartment with her old childhood friend, Louise Anderson. I believe you met Louise one day when you were visiting us, Mr. Harwood."

"Why yes, I believe that I did."

"Oh, my, yes, they live together, sharing a very fine apartment in New York City; and they have a wicker set in the parlor...that's the very latest fashion, you know. And they own an automobile, a Ford."

"A Ford?"

"Why yes. You've heard of Ford, haven't you, Mr. Harwood?"

"Well, I've heard of him, but..."

"Oh, yes, Geraldine and Louise own an automobile."

"And she sends home money every single week! Every single week, Harwood! Yessir! Every single week! Never misses!"

"Papa, you said that."

*****

He walked down the city street a little slumped, with the flower wilted in his button-hole. He was wearing his new round, straw hat on the back of his head. He passed a little boy on the street, and the kid was singing lustily: "Over There...Over There...Send the word, send the word Over There, that the Yanks are coming... The Yanks are coming...the drums drum-drumming everywhere..." He stopped and listened to the kid's high, unmusical voice: "Over...we're coming over...and we won't be back 'til it's over...Over There..."

"You like that song, Sonny?"

"Sure, mister, it's a song about soldiers. They got everything! They're brave!"

"Are you sure?"

"Sure I'm sure, Mister. The song says so."

"Here's a nickel, Sonny. Go buy candy."

"Gee! Thank you, Mister. Are you a soldier?"

"No, Sonny; I'm just a Yank."

"Gee, thanks, Yank!"

"It's all right, kid."

He watched the boy scamper off and disappear around the nearest corner; then he thrust his hands deep down in his new pants pockets and walked along, whistling.

the tenth muse offers
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RADCLYFFE HALL
By Lady Una Troubridge, London, 1961 - $5.00
to order, write box 214, old chelsea station, new york 11

There's Been Some Changes Made

EFFECTIVE MARCH 15, 1961, THE NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY, INC., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, REVOKED ALL AREA COUNCIL CHARTERS "TO GET THE SOCIETY OUT OF THE BRANCH OFFICE BUSINESS".

REACTION TO THE DIRECTIVE WAS VARIED. AND WHEN THE SHOUTING WAS OVER, TWO NEW ORGANIZATIONS EMERGED AND TWO AREA COUNCILS CHOSE TO CONTINUE "BUSINESS AS USUAL". THE DENVER GROUP HAS BECOME THE NEIGHBORS, "AN INFORMAL, EDUCATIONAL, RESEARCH AND SOCIAL SERVICE ORGANIZATION, NON-PROFIT AND NON-PARTISAN, FOUNDED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST FOR THE PURPOSE OF SEEKING SOLUTION TO THE PERSONAL AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF PEOPLE OF HOMOSEXUAL AND AMBISEXUAL ORIENTATION." SUBSCRIPTION RATE TO THE DENVER NEWSLETTER IS $2 PER YEAR. MAILING ADDRESS IS P.O. BOX 7035, CAPITOL HILL STATION, DENVER 6, COLORADO.

DESPITE ADMONITIONS OF THE CALIFORNIA CORPORATION THAT THE NAME, MATTACHINE, IS OFFICIALLY AND PATENTLY THEIRS, THE NEW YORK AREA COUNCIL ELECTED TO CONTINUE ACTIVITIES UNDER THE NAME OF THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK. CHARTER MEMBERSHIPS IN THIS NEW ORGANIZATION ARE NOW OPEN WITH DUES SET AT $5 PER YEAR. THE NEW YORK MATTACHINE NEWSLETTER IS OFFERED AT A SUBSCRIPTION RATE OF $1.50 PER YEAR. OFFICES ARE LOCATED AT 1133 BROADWAY, ROOM 304, NEW YORK CITY.

MEANWHILE BOTH THE CHICAGO AND BOSTON AREA COUNCILS DECIDED ON A "WAIT AND SEE" POLICY. THEY WERE A LITTLE QUIZZICAL ABOUT THE FACT THAT THE DIRECTIVE IN EFFECT DISSOLVED THE NATIONAL CONVENTION, WHICH BODY IS THE SUPREME GOVERNING BODY OF THE SOCIETY.

THE HOMOPHILE ASSISTANCE LEAGUE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HAS AS ITS CORE THE OLD MATTACHINE ORGANIZATION OF LOS ANGELES. THIS NEW GROUP WILL CONTINUE ALONG THE MATTACHINE PATTERN - LECTURES, NEWSLETTER, GROUP THERAPY. FOR INFORMATION PHONE HOLLYWOOD 7-7207.

mood miscellanea

LENDRY

WHEN ALL THE LOVELY THINGS WE HAVE ARE GONE,
THE WAY THAT TENDER MOMENTS OFTEN DO,
I'LL KEEP REMEMBERING AS WE GO ON
THE PERFECT LOVE I'LL ALWAYS FEEL FOR YOU.

WHEN ALL THE FOOLISH DREAMS WE DREAMED ARE STILL,
AND QUIET REIGNS WHERE ONCE YOUR LAUGH RANG HIGH,
I'LL KEEP REMEMBERING OUR DREAMS UNTIL
THEIR ECHOES STEAL THE STING OF LAST GOOD-BYE.

WHEN ALL THE THINGS WE'VE KNOWN AND SEEN DEPART
BECOME A RAPTURE THAT SEEMS QUICKLY SPENT,
I'LL KEEP REMEMBERING YOU TAUGHT MY HEART
TO BE ALIVE - AND THEN I'LL BE CONTENT...

J. R. G.

MY LOVER

THAT EARTH MY LOVER STANDS UPON
IS SWEET, FORBIDDEN GROUND.
SOMDAY I WILL GO AFTER HER
WHEN SHE IS NOT AROUND.

SOMEDAY I WILL TEAR DOWN THE FENCE
WITH THESE, MY HUNGRY HANDS.
I PRAY SHE NEVER SEES ME WHEN
I CLAIM FORBIDDEN LAND.

AND YET, HOW CAN I PRAY FOR THIS?
WHAT GOOD TO HAVE HER UNAWARE?
WHAT GOOD TO HOLD? WHAT GOOD TO KISS
IF SHE'LL NOT KNOW...IF SHE'LL NOT CARE?

VERONICA COS

TO THE RISING SUN

O MAJESTIC RISING SUN,
DOUSING NEONS ONE BY ONE,
AS YOU BRING ANOTHER DAY,
TO THEE WE MOST HUMBLY PRAY:
GIVE US NOW OUR DAILY BREAD
AND DON'T LET US BE MISLED
INTO THINKING MAYBE WE
CAN AND SHOULD AND SHALL BE FREE.
PLEASE DON'T MAKE US OBVIOUS.
HELP US BE ANONYMOUS
SO THAT WE MAY NOT BE FOUND
IN OUR SECRET UNDERGROUND.
FILL EACH LITTLE BUTCH AND NANCY
WITH THE PROPER SYCOPHANCY.
MAKE US HUMBLE SO THAT WE
WON'T OFFEND SOCIETY.
HELP US CULTIVATE OUR FEARS;
CAUTION IS THE BEST FOR QUEERS.
LIKE THE OSTRICH, HEAD IN DIRT,
WE MIGHT KEEP FROM BEING HURT.
GRANT THESE THINGS, O RISING SUN,
AND, THO' LIFE MAY NOT BE FUN,
WE AT LEAST SHALL LIVE THIS DAY
SAFE FROM THOSE WHO ARE NOT GAY.

NIKKI

BLUFF

YOUR LIGHT LASH FELL ACROSS MY FACE.
    YOU DID NOT KNOW...HOW COULD YOU KNOW
THAT ONE MAY BEAR A SCAR OF FIRE
    FROM A LIGHT BLOW?

AND NOW THE SHINING MASK I WEAR
    IS SO MUCH MINE THAT YOU CAN SAY...
EVEN WITH YOUR KEEN EYES..."HOW WELL
    YOU LOOK TODAY!"

ABIGAIL SANFORD

Masculine Viewpoint

Every human being operates on a "Philosophy of Life," whether he has worked out the philosophy systematically or has just let it happen and carried it on by habit. Sometimes it appears that the philosophy of those who just let it happen is not much worse than the philosophy of those who give much time, thought, and care to developing it. I wish I knew for sure whether "caring" pays off. In a lot of life I guess we just have to gamble(have faith) and hope we are right.

Let us assume that following the laws of Nature as God made them is the best way of living, since this would mean that we were living in harmony with the universe. So, does this way of living not take knowledge of the laws? Now some of the laws of God (nature) are built in. We know them by heredity: We know we need to eat, have sex, sleep, and have other people to help us meet these needs. There are various ways of satisfying these needs, and who is to judge which ways or foods or ideas are better? God made man a free agent, and in America we say men are free. I believe this, since you don't have to do anything but die. You must of course be willing to take the consequences of your choices.

God has given no man the right to rule another man's life. There is but one God, and he gave us the ability -not the right, but the ability- to make choices. It is our duty to use our brains to make the best choices, and we will suffer when we try to break the laws of God. But the only alternative to making those choices and

risking being wrong would be to become animals and live by reflex action, or else give up our rights as men to a dictator. Since neither alternative is satisfactory to men created in the image of God, I suggest that here in America we who do not like certain laws made by other men must set about changing them. But we must do so within the laws of God. We must use scientific knowledge in making changes.

For instance, since sex and food are very important to every man, why doesn't every man make it his business to know as much about sex and food as he can? Why should we have laws to tell grown men what to eat? Most of the laws on our books are no good and should be taken off. Policemen should not be allowed to enforce the ideas of some church or their own private morals on others of us who disagree with them. The only law in this area is the law which applies in all areas: No man should be allowed to force his ideas or needs on an unwilling person, especially if that person is under 14 years of age. God Almighty made the age 14 the age of consent by biological factors. Thus every child 14 years of age should already have been taught what foods are best to eat and the signs of what food is lacking when a certain disease comes to his body. Likewise he should have been told about sex, its uses, purposes, and consequences. These points can be objectively(scientifically) determined and should not be interlaced with platitudes, lies, or false morals. Parents should be the ones responsible for this task, since it is a scientific fact that if parents have given the necessary love and training, no inanimate object or distant object can affect the child, whether it be a book, sex movie, TV show, or dirty joke.

Now, it is obvious that occassionally we find experts making errors, but true scientists always admit the error, since they have no motive for their work except the service to mankind of discovering the laws of God that are at work in the area of life they are studying. But always the human being is more important than laws; the Sabbath was made for man, not the man for the Sabbath. The reason we have schools is to teach our children these facts in

All areas of life that affect him. Most of the very important facts the child would learn even without school, but schools help him learn faster, more efficiently, and (theoretically) easier and more pleasurably. One fact stands out and that is that no man lives long enough to learn everything in life. That is why each person must choose some areas of life in which he will study, serve humanity, and thus make a living. But in areas that affect us personally, we must at least know some facts, such as the best foods, etc.

You are in one field, sex education. You are in this field because it meets your needs, it interests you, and possibly because nature has given you certain qualifications (talents) in this field. Just as your farmer friend raises food for many people and must be paid, just as the physician must help many and be paid, so theoretically you are meeting the needs of people on sex and they should be willing to pay you for your services. Why do people subscribe to your publication, join your organization? It should be because they see the need to give information to many people who do not know the facts in the area of life pertaining to sex. Due to our heritage, we unfortunately have too many people who fear the subject of sex, keep secret facts, try to force their beliefs off on others, etc. Just as we need to study new laws (and lawyers should be doing this), we need new sex laws and you must work along with lawyers to accomplish the changes.

Too many people in America are not willing to use the freedom they have, But if the people in America are too cowardly to tell the censors and bigots where to go and stop letting self-appointed old maids and money-mad politicians tell them what to read, what shows to see, etc.-if they are not willing to support such organizations as yours, which they can do without using their names-then they deserve all of the heartaches they and their children and friends will have.

Certainly there are facts-in-life; the most important things to the individual only the individual can do for

himself. No organization can tell him about God, about which person to marry, which job is best, etc. It is up to the individual which show he will see or what book he should read (except in Chicago and such places where the "individuals" have let three frustrated bigots tell them what they can and can't read). But we are social beings. We enjoy bowling so much more when others are bowling with us; we enjoy parties or ball games when we are with friends; so also we join organizations and work with people who have a common interest with us. And in a democracy, in which people must run the government and choose the men who will make and enforce laws, it is imperative that every individual join with others who have the same ideas he does and work to make the government serve the people, not the people serve the government.

Thus people trained in personal sexual problems, no matter what type, should be the ones to help make laws, to help people who need help, rather than letting ignorant ditch-diggers, bigots and other untrained people do the job.

So, when the people of America decide that they want less government interference in their private lives and prove it by putting their pocketbooks where their mouths are, then and only then will you get any real changes in laws and public attitudes.

As it is now, most people can not be blamed for not knowing the facts about sex. Each church and state tells different lies about sex, and people just learn as best they can. It is such organizations as yours which must do the job of educating the public. Most people have never heard of you. They know of sex only one way and think anyone who acts differently must be Communistic or worse. They have no reason to know better. They seldom persecute; it is only crooked cops and politicians and churchmen with ulterior motives who do this.

The job is not really as big as it seems. You do not want to convert people. You do not want to take over

the government. All you want to do is tell the people about certain laws of nature which God made and man must follow. (Everyone knows that no two people are alike.) Then a few small changes in laws and your job will be done. My one idea is that like most man-made problems, few people have only one problem. I fear that those who have sex problems also have political, social, educational, health, racial and all other kinds of problems. No one should be under the delusion that sex problems would go and their life would be perfectly happy if we legalized whore houses tomorrow, or made homosexuality legal, or legalized trial marriages. Most of our problems are in us and due to our lack of understanding of God's laws. No law can give us love, or knowledge. I certainly do not want to have a society in which homosexuals run things, or whores run things, or religion is turned into sex orgies, or every man is guaranteed a beautiful wife and no hard work, etc. Life would still be miserable for most of us because we can't really get along with ourselves.

Why can't people read the available books to give themselves more knowledge about themselves and our world? For instance, BUT WE WERE BORN FREE by Elmer Davis; NO PEACE OF MIND by Harry C. Meserve; AGAINST THE LAW by Peter Wildeblood; GUIDES TO STRAIGHT THINKING by Stuart Chase; THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE, books on psychology by good scientists, etc. Why can't people take an interest in others besides themselves, join such worthwhile organizations as the American Civil Liberties Union, The League of Women Voters, the Young Republicans and Democrats, the U.S. Committee for the U.N.? Let us all admit that neither we nor our world is perfect, but that we have no place to go, so if things are to get better, we must make them better ourselves. True, Jesus said, "I am come that you might have life and have it more abundantly," but He didn't say He could make us have life, He said that we might have it if we choose to have it and work with God through natural laws to get it.

If we don't have it, it is our fault, no one else's. I for one would rather have the pain and have the pleasure, than be dumb animals or slaves and forfeit God's companionship.

- William Edward Glover

Newcomers in the Field

TWO NEW ORGANIZATIONS, BOTH FROM THE SAME PART OF THE COUNTRY BUT QUITE DIFFERENT AND DIVERGENT IN PURPOSE, HAVE ENTERED THE FIELD.

THE AIM OF THE FREE CLINIC OF CHRISTIAN PSYCHOTHERAPY IS "TO ASSIST ALL HOMOSEXUALS, BOTH MEN AND WOMEN, TO FIND THE DEEPER INNER PEACE WHICH COMES FROM A GREATER CONSCIOUSNESS OF GOD'S LOVE AND PROTECTION." THE ORGANIZATION WAS FOUNDED AS A MEETING PLACE FOR THE HOMOSEXUAL WHO HAS UNANSWERED SPIRITUAL NEEDS IN THE BELIEF THAT ONE CAN BEST FIND HIMSELF BY SHARING WITH OTHERS. IT IS HOPED THAT THE CLINIC WILL ONE DAY BE SELF-SUPPORTING, MANAGED AND STAFFED BY THE PEOPLE WHO RECEIVE HELP THERE. THE CLINIC IS "NON-PROFESSIONAL" AND ANYONE DESIRING SPIRITUAL HELP WILL BE GIVEN IT FREE OF CHARGE. THE ADDRESS IS 1705 NORTH KENMORE AVENUE, LOS ANGELES 27, CALIFORNIA. PHONE - NORMANDY 2-2215.

WHILE ONE WOULD OFFER HELP, THE OTHER ORGANIZATION, CALLED THE WORLD ASSOCIATION FOR EDUCATION TO END HOMOSEXUAL PHILOSOPHY, IS "CAMPAIGNING FOR A LAW TO BE ENACTED IN ALL FIFTY STATES AND CONGRESS. THIS LAW IS DESIGNED TO PROTECT CHILDREN AND OTHERS FROM THE HOMOSEXUAL MENACE. IT IS ALSO DESIGNED TO AFFORD CLINICAL CARE TO THOSE HOMOSEXUALS DESIRING CURE OR RETURN TO GOOD MENTAL HEALTH." WAEEHP IS CIRCULATING A PAMPHLET WHICH GOES INTO FURTHER DETAIL ABOUT THE "HOMOSEXUAL MENACE" AND ASKS ALL "HEALTHY MINDED PEOPLE" TO HELP ORGANIZE MEMBERSHIP CLUBS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AND TO SEND COPIES OF THE FOLDER TO THEIR ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES. THE ORGANIZATION HAS ALREADY ATTEMPTED TO INFLUENCE LEGISLATION (WITH HOW MUCH SUCCESS WE DO NOT KNOW) BY SUBMITTING AN ANTI-HOMOSEXUAL BILL THROUGH CALIFORNIA ASSEMBLYMAN CHARLES CHAPEL OF PALOS VERDES.

YES, THESE ARE TWO QUITE DIFFERENT ORGANIZATIONS - EVEN THOUGH THEY BOTH OFFER "CLINICAL HELP" TO THE HOMOSEXUAL. ONE WOULD SEEK TO HELP THE HOMOSEXUAL FIND A PHILOSOPHY; THE OTHER WOULD SEEK TO DESTROY A PHILOSOPHY WHICH DOESN'T EXIST.

LESBIANA

169. THE KISSING FISH BY MONIQUE LANGE. N. Y., CRITERION, 1960. (AVAILABLE THROUGH WINSTON BOOK SERVICE, 250 FULTON AVE., HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., $2. 75.)

THE WORLD OF "THE BOYS" - THE YOUNG HOMOSEXUALS OF PARIS - SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF ANNE, A FAR FROM NORMAL YOUNG WOMAN. DISAPPOINTED IN MEN AND VICTIMIZED EMOTIONALLY BY BERNARD, AN OLDER MAN WHO CLEVERLY CONCEALS HIS OWN CHINESE ROOM, SHE TURNS TO THE "KISSING FISH" FOR COMPANIONSHIP AND PSEUDO-LOVE. DRESSED AS A YOUNG BOY WITH CROPPED HAIR, ANNE AND HER GAY FRIENDS CRUISE MADLY THROUGH PARIS, VENICE, AND SPAIN. THE DEATH OF ONE BOY AND THE DISCOVERY OF BERNARD'S SECRET CLIMAX THE BOOK. A NEARLY-PERFECT GEM OF UNUSUAL INTEREST, WRITTEN IN SIMPLE, UNADORNED PROSE.

170. WATER OF LIFE BY HENRY MORTON ROBINSON. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 1960.

"WATER OF LIFE" IN THIS CASE IS WHISKEY AND THIS 600-PAGE NOVEL CONCERNS THE LIVES OF THREE GENERATIONS OF AMERICAN WHISKEY MAKERS, THE WOODHULL FAMILY. QUINCE WOODHULL, SECOND DAUGHTER OF ANSON WOODHULL, OPPOSES THE MAKING OF WHISKEY AND ON REACHING MATURITY BECOMES A LEADING FIGURE IN THE WCTU. AS SECRETARY TO MARY HUNTER, WOMAN'S RIGHTIST, SHE PLAYS A ROLE IN THE FORMING OF THE 18TH AMENDMENT. AS MARY HUNTER'S LOVER, SHE PLAYS A ROLE OF INTEREST TO THE READERS OF THIS COLUMN. THE AUTHOR MAKES CLEAR HIS APPROVAL OF THE RELATIONSHIP.

171. WAN A ONG WOMEN BY RANDY SALEM. BEACON BOOKS, 1960.

AUTHOR OF LAST YEAR'S EXCELLENT CHRIS, RANDY SALEM HAS WRITTEN ANOTHER TOP-NOTCH LESBIAN PAPERBACK. SURPRISINGLY, THE STORY LINE IS MALE-ORIENTED, BUT DESPITE THIS DRAWBACK IT IS A SUPERIOR PAPERBACK, FULL OF WELL-DRAWN, CONVINCING LESBIANS.

READER'S RESPOND

"I AM SO VERY GLAD YOU RAN MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY'S LOVELY AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL 'PICTURE GALLERY' (LADDER, MAY 1961). I ALMOST WEPT WHEN I FIRST READ IT. SHE CAPTURES SO WELL THOSE HAPPY, YET MISERABLE, YEARS WE ALL GO THROUGH.

"THE LETTER RICHARD STUART BOLIN OF SEATTLE WROTE TO MR. KENNEDY IS REALLY A VERY GOOD, LEVEL-HEADED, NON-HYSTERICAL, INTELLIGENT AND LOGICAL PLEA. PERHAPS OTHERS OUGHT TO DO THE SAME.

"EVERYONE OUGHT TO BUY THOSE RECORDS BY THE WAY - (3 OBOLI TO APHRODITE) THEY ARE WELL WORTH THE PRICE. BEAUTIFULLY DONE. (INCIDENTALLY, DOES ANYONE KNOW WHO 'CHERISE' IS?)

"I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO WRITE THIS, BUT ANY TWO ADULTS OF ANY SEX WHO LIVE TOGETHER QUIETLY CONFINING THEIR SEX LIFE TO THEIR OWN BEDROOM AND NOT THE PUBLIC LATRINES RUN INTO VERY DAMNED LITTLE TROUBLE. WE SIMPLY CANNOT ASK A HIGHLY PURITANIC SOCIETY THAT GATHERS ITS COLLECTIVE SKIRTS AND SCREAMS AT THE MENTION OF SEX TO VALIDATE A 'HOMOSEXUAL BILL OF RIGHTS' NOW OR EVER. WE HAVE ENOUGH TO CONCENTRATE ON JUST GETTING CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS. I'M SORRY, BUT WHILE I'M CERTAINLY A FIGHTER FOR OUR CAUSE AND AN ARDENT ONE AT THAT, I BELIEVE THE 'BILL OF RIGHTS' PROVIDES FOR ALL OF US INCLUDING THE HOMOSEXUAL AND THAT WE OUGHT TO STICK TO BRINGING ITS PROVISIONS INTO USE IN OUR LIVES FIRST."

B.G., MISSOURI

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"AS TO F.C. OF CALIFORNIA AND LAWRENCE DURRELL'S CLEA, FIRST OF ALL, THE ALEXANDRIA QUARTET IS A SERIES OF FOUR NOVELS WHICH ATTEMPT TO PORTRAY ALL THE SEXUAL AND SENSUAL ASPECTS OF MANKIND. ALL FOUR ARE CONCERNED IN PART WITH MALE HOMOSEXUALITY AND THREE OF THE FOUR (THE FIRST, JUSTINE; THE SECOND, BALTHAZAR, AND THE FOURTH, CLEA) ARE IN PART CONCERNED WITH FEMALE HOMOSEXUALITY. ALTHOUGH IT IS POSSIBLE TO READ EACH ONE SEPARATELY, IT IS ALMOST

NECESSARY TO READ ALL OF THEM IN ORDER TO OBTAIN THE PROPER PERSPECTIVE. THE EXISTENCE OF A PAST AFFAIR BETWEEN JUSTINE AND CLEA IS ALLUDED TO IN THE NOVEL, JUSTINE. THEN IN BALTHAZAR THE AFFAIR IS DESCRIBED IN PART WITHOUT RESOLVE. BUT IN CLEA THE RESULTS OF THIS AFFAIR ARE DISCUSSED AND WE ARE TOLD THAT FOR CLEA LIFE (EMOTIONAL LIFE) ENDED WHEN JUSTINE AND SHE SEPARATED.

"NOW, I INCLUDED CLEA IN MY ARTICLE ('LESBIAN LITERATURE IN 1960' - LADDER, APRIL 1961) AS AN IMPORTANT BOOK FOR A NUMBER OF REASONS:

1. IT RESOLVES AND CLARIFIES THE HOMOSEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS DISCLOSED IN THE FIRST THREE BOOKS.
2. IT IS A MASTERPIECE OF ENGLISH PROSE BY A WRITER HIGHLY SYMPATHETIC TO FREEDOM OF SEXUAL EXPRESSION.
3. MY CONCEPT OF 'IMPORTANT BOOK' IS NOT HOW MANY BEDROOM SCENES DOT THE LANDSCAPE BUT HOW VALID THE EXPERIENCES PRESENTED ARE IN THE FIELD OF LESBIAN LITERATURE.

"ALSO, NOT TOO LONG AGO, ALL FOUR OF THE NOVELS IN QUESTION WERE COVERED IN AN INCLUSIVE REVIEW IN MY LESBIANA COLUMN. IN AN ARTICLE SPECIFICALLY DEALING WITH 1960 AND LIMITED IN SPACE I COULD HARDLY TOSS IN AN ELABORATE EXPLANATION OF WHY CLEA IS AN IMPORTANT BOOK."

GENE DAMON

* * * * *

"ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND $5 FOR A FURTHER YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE LADDER. I WOULD NOT MISS IT FOR ANYTHING AND PRESUME MY ANNUAL PAYMENT IS DUE RIGHT NOW. PLEASE KEEP THE DIFFERENCE TO COVER POSTAGE AND ENVELOPES.

"I'M SORRY TO SAY THAT I HAVE NO FRIEND WHO WOULD LIKE A SUBSCRIPTION BECAUSE THEY ARE SCARED TO BE 'DISCOVERED' - How I WOULD NEVER KNOW SINCE I SHOWED THEM HOW YOU MAIL THE LADDER. IT SEEMS TO BE A BOOK FOR BRAVES ONLY.

"GREETINGS TO ALL OF YOU WHO ARE WORKING ON AND FOR A GOOD CAUSE."

W. K., BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

"I WAS QUITE IMPRESSED WITH A LETTER PRINTED IN THE APRIL ISSUE SIGNED D. S., ILLINOIS, WHO STATED THAT WE MUST FIGHT AND UNSHACKLE OURSELVES FROM FEAR IN ORDER TO WIN OUR BATTLE.

"I AGREE WITH D. S., BUT TO GO ON FURTHER WITH THIS WE MUST ALSO WEED OUT THE UNDESIRABLE ELEMENT FROM OUR OWN GROUP. I HAVE VISITED THE GAY BARS IN SAN FRANCISCO, NEW YORK, BUFFALO, CLEVELAND AND WASHINGTON, D.C. THESE BARS RANGED FROM THE PLUSH $3 MINIMUM TO THE 25¢ PITCHER OF DRAFT BEER, FROM TAPESTRY TO SAWDUST COVERED FLOORS, FROM ROOFTOP GARDENS TO HIDEAWAY BASEMENTS. BUT EACH AND EVERYONE POSSESSED THE ONE TYPE OF CLIENTELE WHICH LOWERS OUR STANDARDS AND PLACES A BLACK UGLY MARK AGAINST THE TRUE LIFE WE SEEK. THERE ARE SEVERAL NAMES FOR THESE PEOPLE, BUT THE MOST COMMON IS KNOWN AS THE 'HUSTLER'.

"...I KNOW SEVERAL HAPPY COUPLES WHO HAVE GOOD JOBS AND ARE RESPECTED BY SOCIETY, BUT THEY PLACE CONFINEMENT ON THEIR LOVE. THEY VISIT THE GAY BARS AND HAVE HOUSE PARTIES, ETC., BUT STAY FREE FROM MASQUERADE. SOME ONE TOLD ME ONCE THAT SHE DIDN'T WANT HER MATE TO DRESS LIKE A MAN BECAUSE IF SHE HAD WANTED A MAN IN THE FIRST PLACE SHE WOULD NEVER HAVE CHOSEN THIS LIFE.

"SOME OF THE GAY PEOPLE CLAIM TO HATE MEN; YET THEY CUT THEIR HAIR SHORT, PUT ON MEN'S CLOTHING AND STRUT AROUND THINKING THAT THEIR ATTIRE CAN CHANGE THEIR SEX. NO WONDER WE ARE TREATED AS SUCH WHEN EVERY DAY IS LIKE HALLOWE'EN!

"THEN, OF COURSE, THERE ARE THOSE WHO FIND POWER FROM DRINKING AND

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"IF WE COULD LEARN TO CONTROL OUR EMOTIONS, AND WEED OUT THE THRILL SEEKING SENSATIONALIST, PERHAPS THEN WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE VICE SQUADS."

J. M., OHIO

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"I LIKE THE IDEA OF THE MASCULINE VIEWPOINT COLUMN FIRST RUN IN THE MAY ISSUE. CERTAINLY THERE HAS BEEN A GREAT DEAL OF INTEREST FROM MEN IN DOB AND THE LADDER, AND JUST SO THAT WE GALS DON'T GET TOO CARRIED AWAY WITH OURSELVES IT IS WELL TO GIVE THE MALE AN OPPORTUNITY TO EXPRESS HIS VIEWS IN YOUR MAGAZINE.

"I MUST TAKE EXCEPTION TO THE PETTY DIG AT DOB MADE BY YOUR FIRST CONTRIBUTOR, W. DORR LEGG OF ONE INSTITUTE. THE QUESTION AS TO 'WHAT THE REACTION MIGHT HAVE BEEN HAD GUESTS AT THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS CONVENTION LAST MAY RISEN FROM THE FLOOR TO DEMAND HEATEDLY THAT THE PROGRAM BE CHANGED MORE TO THEIR LIKING' WAS RATHER INANE. THE DOB CONVENTION WAS A PROGRAM PRESENTED FOR GUESTS TO AUDIT, WHILE THE ONE INSTITUTE PROGRAM WAS DESIGNED FOR 'PARTICIPATION' BY GUESTS. 'PARTICIPANTS' PARTICIPATE, AND IT IS DIFFICULT TO ANTICIPATE THE DIRECTION OF THE PARTICIPATION - A LESSON HARD WON BY ONE!

"AS TO MR. LEGG'S ANALYSIS OF THE FAILURE OF THE LESBIANS TO RISE UP AND DEFEND THE 'RIGHTS' OF THE MALE HOMOSEXUAL 'BY VIRTUE OF THEIR OWN INFREQUENT PERSONAL CONTACT WITH THE BRUTAL REALITIES OF THE DENIAL OF RIGHTS', I WOULD ASK HIM IF HE HAD ANALYZED HIS OWN STATEMENT. WHY DOES THE LESBIAN HAVE 'FAVORED SOCIAL AND LEGAL STATUS'?

"SOMEHOW I FIND IT A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO TAKE UP THE BANNER IN A 'CRUSADE FOR CRUISING' OR DO BATTLE TO MAKE LEGAL LATRINE LECHERY AND PASSION IN OUR PUBLIC PARKS. IF THE LESBIAN RECOGNIZES THE BOUNDS OF GOOD TASTE AND COMMON COURTESY, SO BE IT. IF THE MALE REFUSES TO, THEN LET HIM ASSUME THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR HIS ACTIONS."

M. D., CALIFORNIA

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